

From the Alexandria Gazette.
EMIGRATION TO THE WEST.
Speaking of emigration reminds me of an incident I was an eye witness of, and which, perhaps, it may not be deemed out of place here to relate. I had been travelling in the "far west," not for the purpose of seeking a situation on which to locate myself for life, but rather as a traveller, who after pursuing the bent of his curiosity through a land, represented as flowing with milk and honey, was on his return to his friends, with the fullest conviction, from what he saw, that with all its imperfections, there was no place like home. I had understood that a gentleman, formerly of my native county, was living a short distance from where I made a stop, and I concluded, as it was not much out of my way, that I would call and see him. Accordingly I set out for the residence of the emigrant, with a desire to see how he was established, and to give him such information as I possessed in relation to his friends across the mountains. I found my host engaged in repairing the fires that had been built around his dwelling at short distances, to protect the cattle from the annoyances of the mosquitoes; and it was singular, to one not accustomed to the sight, to see how well the dumb brutes understood this precaution in their behalf. They walked to and fro through the spaces between the fires, lashing themselves with their brushes, and rubbing each other as they passed with an instinct almost remarkable.

After contemplating this scene for some moments, I was ushered into the—not house—but log cabin of the emigrant, with a cordiality of manner that told me where he was raised. He had been a resident of this spot about three years, and after incessant toil and innumerable vexations, had succeeded in building the cabin in which he lived, and had cleared about ten acres of land. He had also got some stock around, but the tormenting inflictions of the mosquitoes had so worried the cattle that their appearance indicated the greatest suffering. He informed me that the purchase of his land, and the expenses of his family, some of whom had been sick most of the time, together with the expenses incurred in improvements on the place, had exhausted his means, and he was then without the ability to remove, although he was anxious to do so. The residence of our emigrant was about five miles from any other human habitation, was accessible by only one wretched road, and was rendered still more intolerable by the unpleasant notes of the whip-poor-wills and frogs—his family acquaintance. And here, in this dreary solitude, cut off from society which they loved and by which they were beloved, dwelt as excellent a man and as admirable a woman as ever forsook abundance and happiness at home, among their friends, to seek them in a fuller measure, among strangers. He was of respectable connections, had received a good education, and studied law for considerable time with a view of making it a profession; but distrustful his abilities, or finding the pursuit hackneyed and overdone, and his ranks filled up with a doubtful admixture of materials, he determined, like a wise man, to embrace the profession of his fathers and follow the plough for a living. He married a beautiful and excellent girl, was in a thriving way in the neighborhood in which he was born, and with his application and economy, would, no doubt, have succeeded to wealth. But the emigrating mania broke out in this neighborhood, and he fell a victim to it. He sold out, and with two or three others bent his way to the land of promise. Three years had now rolled round since his departure from his home, and he assured me the whole period had been one of sickness and disappointment. He had not despaired, for he was not of a temperamental despair, but he had lost much of the natural cheerfulness of his disposition, was driven, by necessity, into a sort of stoical school of philosophy, thought the world by no means poetical, but a plain matter of fact concern, and that part of it called "the west," in particular, not the thing it was cracked up to be.

In fact, our hero was in the "sear and yellow leaf," not of years but of feeling; and it was in some such mood as this, while sitting at the table on the second afternoon of my arrival, that our conversation turned upon home and the thousand delightful associations connected with it. "We have not found things as we expected," said the emigrant in a subdued tone, "but we must bear with them and hope for something better for the future—it is a long lane that has no turn, and our prospects may yet brighten up, and leave us nothing to be sorry for." "They may brighten up," said the wife, "but it will only be when you and I are in the grave; or too old to enjoy them. What prospect have we here in this wilderness, deprived of even the sight, much less of the intercourse of neighbors, that can compensate for the sacrifices we have made, and the sufferings we have endured? Yes, our prospects may brighten, we may not always be as we are now, without neighbors and pleasures of society, but we shall always have something to be sorry for, while the friends we loved and scenes we delighted in, are stricken from our sight and no more to be enjoyed forever." Here her articulations became obstructed—her heart was full—and she gave way to a flood of tears. As soon as I could wipe away a little drop that had gathered in my own eye, in spite of all that I could do, I turned to look at our stoic philosopher, but there was nothing of the stoic in him—his visions of wealth and all his anticipations of the future, had suddenly given way before the simple but affecting eloquence of his wife—he melted into tears.

The scenes that begun, and the associations that cemented them, are no longer present to the senses, and wanting these disinterested and indissoluble features, our after attachments are generally any thing but of the heart—there are persons, it is true, to whom one place is as dear as another, and who care but little for any one else, so that all goes smoothly with themselves. Such persons are to be pitied—they are as strangers in the world; do not rest upon its green spots, drink not its most refreshing fountains, pass the richest enjoyments by unheeded, live uncared for and die unwet. It was said by a pious old gentleman, that if he were condemned to a solitary exile in some remote island of the sea, and were to indulge in a single request, that request would be for his bible. "You might carry your bible with you," said his son, "but I would swap it for a dog or any living thing that I could teach to love and share in the dreariness of my abode"—this might be counted infidelity by some, but others would call it nature, speaking directly from the heart.

Appearances.—Some years since a merchant on Long Wharf advertised for Spanish milled dollars. The premium was high. A Roxbury farmer, who came into our town for manure, and who took pride in appearing like a beggar, with a shovel on his shoulder, called at the counting-room of the man, and asked him if he wanted silver dollars. "Yes," said the merchant; "have you got any?"

"Not with me," replied the farmer, "but I think I have a few at home. What do you give?" "Four percent," said the merchant; and added, "I will give you seven for all you have." "Well," said the man, "I should like to have you just clap down on paper how much you give, and the number of your shop, or I shall be puzzled to find it." "Yes," said the merchant, "that I will do: what is your name?" "Edward Sumner," said he. The merchant then wrote as follows, and gave it to him.

"Edward Sumner of Roxbury, says that he thinks he has some Spanish dollars at home, but don't know. I hereby agree to pay him seven per cent. premium for all such dollars as he may produce."
G—A—
"If I find any," said the dung-cartman, "I will call with them to-morrow morning, at 9 o'clock; if I don't, you won't see me." The appearance of the man satisfied the merchant that his dollars would be scarce. At 9 o'clock the next day, however, the man appeared, and stocking full after stocking full, seven thousand were counted. The merchant, somewhat restive, but honorably caught, took the silver, gave a check for the amount, with seven per cent. added: pleasantly remarking "I did not really suppose, from your appearance, that you could have more than half a dozen dollars."

Mr. S. took up his check, and replied in his own peculiar emphatic style, "Sir, I'll tell you a truth which a man of your standing in the world ought to know, and it is this—Appearances oftentimes deceive us."

Appalling Picture!—A letter from Gary's Ferry, Florida, dated the 30th of July, gives the following appalling picture of the sickness prevailing there. The letter is from an officer in the army:

"You have seen by the papers that a great deal of sickness existed at this place. The half is not known. The people come in here for protection from all quarters, and there are now some 7 or 800—they had comfortable homes, and the conveniences of life, but were compelled to leave all behind—here, they have built huts, which keep out neither the sun or rain, and it rains every afternoon most violently. Added to this the measles broke out among them, and their insufficient shelter caused colds—death has raged among them most frightfully—80 or 90 have died within the last five or six weeks, and it is supposed that no less than 200 are now sick with the measles, ague and fever, and cholera morbus—the latter takes off adults as well as children."

I have to-day been in the huts of 300 or 400 of these miserable creatures—my heart bleeds, and no tongue could tell the sufferings I have witnessed, and the tales of woe I have heard. In a hut ten feet square would be three or four places for beds, that is, four sticks driven in the sand, and poles laid across for boards to rest upon—on them some had beds, others nothing but a blanket. The occupants of these beds were the most distressing objects I ever saw—some, emaciated with the cholera morbus—some almost burning with fever—others again, having taken cold with the measles, were swollen most frightfully—there were from two to six sick in each of the huts that I visited. In one instance the father and mother were both dead, leaving five children, all sick, the oldest being 13, and these poor creatures were obliged to help each other as well as they could."

We learn from the Philadelphia Inquirer that Captain A. S. Lewis of the Texian army has just arrived in that city. He left Gaines Ferry (Texas) July 15. The Mexican army was concentrating at Matamoros, and supposed to be 11,000 strong. The information, however, it will be seen by the later intelligence, there is reason to believe was erroneous.

The Texian army were 2500 strong, at Victoria, under General Lamar, and the greatest spirit and unanimity prevailed among them. General Houston was at St. Augustine, and was anxiously looked for. Santa Anna was at Columbus, under the charge of Maj. Patton; he was to be sent to the vicinity of the Sabine, to be regularly tried. The Texians were generally in favor of preserving his life, provided the Mexicans made no further incursions into Texas.

Capt. Lewis himself was one of the officers of a company that had Santa Anna, Cos, and Almonte in charge for several weeks. He had frequent and free conversations with each of them. Santa Anna, he describes as a very fine looking man—unable to speak English with any degree of fluency—and in very low spirits, conscious that his life will be taken the moment his countrymen re-march upon his captors. Cos expects death, and is prepared to meet his fate with some degree of fortitude. Almonte is a polished man—converses very fluently in English, and is rather a favorite than otherwise with the army, as he never committed any direct act of atrocity, but merely acted like hundreds of others in the service of Santa Anna.

The crops throughout Texas are very abundant—much more so than could have been expected, as little attention was paid to them. The army was fully provided with provisions—and it was believed that little suffering would be experienced on this score, should the Mexicans march against them. Recruits were constantly pouring in.

Capt. Lewis believes that an army of even 15,000 Mexicans could not conquer Texas against one-fourth the number of Americans. The Mexicans are miserable troops, and, moreover, disheartened by their terrible defeat at San Jacinto. It is certain that the Indians are disposed to join the Mexicans. The principal and ruling tribe, and who are at the same time the most numerous, are the Cherokees, who count 2000 warriors, which, with the smaller tribes, would make 4000—the whole of which are at the disposition of a talented chief named Bowles, to his disgrace an American, who has married a squaw of some distinction. He is exciting the Indians against his countrymen.

The decision of Chief Justice Horblower upon Slave property.—It may not be amiss to state that the late decision of Chief Justice Horblower of New Jersey, about which so much has been said, is as follows:—1st, that the law of congress regulating the arrest of fugitive slaves is unconstitutional, because no power is given by the constitution to congress for legislation on the subject. 2d, that every person, white or black, free or slave, is entitled to a trial by jury in New Jersey. 3d, that the color of a person should no longer be considered presumptive evidence of slavery in that state.—*Express.*

"If General Harrison and Mr. Granger are elected, they will prove themselves abolitionists."—*Springfield Democrat.*
That fellow tells the truth by mistake. Harrison and Granger will "prove themselves abolitionists" by abolishing from the whole high places of the Government the whole horde of mail-robbers, bank swindlers and land-stealers. They will prove themselves "immediate abolitionists."—*Frederic.*

Character of Martin Van Buren.—The Hon. Samuel McKean, in a letter to the *Montrose (Pa.) Register*, dated September 15, 1832, thus spoke of the "Government Candidate," "My personal respect for the President, and the connexion (unfortunate, I must call it, both for the country and General Jackson) which recently existed between him and Mr. Van Buren, has hitherto deterred me, in some measure, from speaking of the latter as I think he deserves. The unsparing bitterness of his former opposition to General Jackson, continued until every hope of success was blasted by the firmness of Pennsylvania, argues but little in favor of the sincerity and patriotism of his late fawning professions, to say nothing of their grossness and servility. Situated as I am, when at home, on the confines of the State of New York, and having been personally intimate with many of Mr. Van Buren's partisans, few individuals have had better opportunities than myself of marking his political maneuvers for the last twenty years, during which time he has exhibited all the powers and qualities, with regard to politics, of the chameleon, assuming every hue and color which his ambitious purposes, in view of the exigencies of the moment, seemed to require. To speak plainly, I know him to be void of political integrity, and most of those high qualities of the mind, which, wherever they may be found, I humbly trust no minor differences in matters of human opinion will ever prevent me from duly acknowledging or yielding a just respect. Cunning, and a certain species of popular talent, he indeed possesses; but these only render him the more dangerous in times of public excitement and illusion. When he first entered General Jackson's cabinet, I expressed my serious misgivings of the result to Judge McLean, (then Postmaster General) and others; and the mischiefs which I then apprehended have been more than verified. His whole course has been that of a political disorganizer, whenever it could promote his selfish schemes. Party arrangements, and even the sacred ties of personal friendship, have both by turns been coldly sacrificed upon the altar of his insatiable ambition."

The Hickory, versus the White Oak.—We learn from the Jonesborough Republican, that when the President was passing in his carriage through Parrotsville, in Cocke county, Tennessee, he was somewhat puzzled to see the American banner streaming from two trees, one of which was a withered Hickory, planted on one side the road, and on the other, flourishing in all its bloom and beauty, a White Oak, the pride of our forest and the bulwark of our navy. At Dandridge, Jefferson county, the General had again to encounter the White symbol as represented in another Oak, on the public square, while the ladies, to make the matter worse, and to whom the General is never known to be wanting in courtesy, were all arrayed in white dresses, and waved from their windows kerchiefs of the same ermine purity to welcome the President's approach, showing at the same time, that as the future matrons of American born freemen, their souls were as free as their hearts were warm.

Murder.—An atrocious murder was perpetrated last night at about twelve o'clock, on the wharves near the foot of Wall street. One of the city watchmen, named Hudson, we are informed, had a scuffle with a stout seafaring man, apparently a Spaniard or Italian, at about the above hour; the cause which led to it is not known, but it is probable that the watchman in the discharge of his duty had stopped the foreigner from some cause of suspicion; a child's flannel petticoat was found afterwards on the spot—and that the foreigner resisted. He succeeded in getting away from the watchman who pursued him, giving the alarm, a distance of about fifty yards, when the ruffian turned round and plunged a rigger's knife in the stomach of the watchman, who fell dead on the spot. Two of the Custom House watch, Mr. Hughes and Mr. Van Tassel, drawn there by the alarm given by the watchman, seized the assassin and took the knife, still reeking with the blood of his victim, from his hand. Other watchmen speedily joined them, and the fellow was carried off to the watch-house with the corpse of the murdered man.—*N. Y. Cour. & Enq.*

A case of melancholy distress was made known at the Alms House on Saturday. A married lady of respectability, with her child, was brought in to be taken care of by the Commissioners. The name of the female is Hathaway, and belongs to Johnstown, Montgomery county. She came to this city a week or two ago, bringing with her a quantity of furniture, all put up in cases. In consequence of being unable to obtain a house, the furniture was stored, and with her husband and child, she obtained boarding at Brooklyn. On the morning of the unfortunate steamboat accident, her husband was in the Jackson, and was one of those who sank with her—having in his pocket \$100 at the time. His wife, on learning the afflicting news, was thrown into convulsions, and partly lost the use of her senses. In a state of insanity she had escaped with her child, and said she was going to start for Johnstown, where she had highly respectable connections; she was, however, overtaken in the streets, and brought to the Alms House, to be taken care of. Although she has moments of sanity, the place where her furniture is stored has entirely escaped her recollection. It consists of large boxes, containing crockery, beds, bedding, chairs, &c.—*N. Y. Star.*

An Imported Pauper.—Paul Williams, a native of England, applies for support in the Boston Almshouse. He is a tolerably intelligent old man, destitute, and incapable of labor. He gives the following history of himself. He had a wife and 13 children, all of whom are now dead. Paul was a soldier of Great Britain some 25 or 30 years, and retired from the army a few years ago on a pension of 9d. per day. Four years since he was induced to sell out his life pension to the government (on condition of leaving the British island forever) for 100 acres of land in New Brunswick and about £40, part of which was paid him "at home," and the residue on his arrival at St. John. He came out to St. John with two surviving children. The land was worthless to him; the best offer he could get for it was a bottle of whiskey. From St. John he went with his children to New-York, where his children left him, and soon after he heard of their death at the South. When his money was gone he applied to the poor officers for support, and they paid his passage to Boston. Here he expected to find relatives to assist him, but being disappointed, he applied, as he states, to the representatives of the British government, who advised him to throw himself, at the age of 76, on American charity.—*Boston pa.*

"In our country," exclaimed an Italian, "in our country, sir, we have the ever burning Mount Vesuvius." "Have you, indeed," replied a son of America, "and in our country, we have the Falls of Niagara, which would put it out in five minutes."

We learn from yesterday's *Argus*, that Gov. May, while at Montreal, attended Mass at the Parish church. We are left, of course, to conjecture the nature of his Excellency's confession. We hope that he made a clean bosom of it, and will hereafter renounce Van Buren and his works. If the Governor has become a good Catholic, we shall insist upon his eschewing his political heresies also!—*Albany Eve. Jour.*

Elbridge Gerry Robinson, who jumped overboard from a steamboat in Long Island Sound and was supposed to have been drowned, it appears is still alive. His mother, who resides in Dover, N. H. has received a letter from him, purporting to have been written in Troy, N. Y. on the 22d August, in which he states that when he jumped overboard it was dusk, that he made towards a sloop then in sight, by which he was picked up and safely landed.

Great Fire.—The large steam saw-mill of Mr. John Perry Allen, in Manchester, Essex county, Mass. was destroyed by fire on Saturday night last. The cutting of mahogany veneering, and the manufacture of cabinet ware, was largely carried on in the building. The large cabinet manufactory of Mr. Larkin Woodbury, containing a large quantity of cabinet ware ready for shipment to the southern and western markets. Four handsome two story dwellings, occupied by Mrs. Masters, Mr. Ler and Mr. Storey, with their out-buildings, were also completely destroyed, besides a great quantity of mahogany and other lumber. Messrs. Allen and Woodbury, the principal losers, were out of town at the time of the fire. The loss is variously estimated at from 70 to \$100,000. There is insurance on the property destroyed in this city, Boston and Salem.

Taking the Reins.—During the last session of Congress Gen. Jackson, upon one occasion, made a visit to the capitol, in Mr. Van Buren's buggy—the Vice President acting as charioteer. When about to return, Mr. Van Buren was detained a few moments behind the General, in adjusting something that had got out of order, about the harness. The General of course, held the reins, whilst the Vice President was thus engaged. As the little man was about to resume his place alongside his patron, and just as the President was handing him the reins, Mr. Clay passed by, in company with another Senator.—Looking up at the Vice President, with an arch smile, an expressive gesture of the arm, and in a voice to be heard all round, he exclaimed, "Taking the reins, I see, sir?"
Baltimore Chronicle.

From Florida Direct.—The schr. George & Mary, Capt. Willey, arrived at this port on Saturday afternoon.

We are indebted to Capt. Willey for the following information, obtained by him from the Express Rider, who arrived at Black Creek 22d inst. A detachment of 110 men, under command of Maj. Pierce, having information that the Indians were in their vicinity, went in pursuit of them; on arriving at Gen. Clinch's plantation, they found 300 Indians, with about 190 horses hobbled, and 300 head of cattle—the Indians were immediately attacked, and repulsed, after a battle of one hour, the whites having one killed, owing to his horse taking fright and running into the midst of the Indians, and 16 wounded. The Indian loss was 10 left dead on the field, their wounded they carried off—the Indians retreated to a hammock as usual; they immediately rallied and pursued the whites to within 2 miles of Micapony, when they abandoned the pursuit.

Judge Gaston.—The Elizabeth City Herald publishes the following extract of a letter to the Editor of the Newbern Spectator, from a traveller at the North, dated Philadelphia:

"I must not neglect to mention to you a compliment, emanating from a high source, which was paid to your distinguished townsman, Judge Gaston, at Washington city, the other day. At a very large dining party, given by a distinguished gentleman from the South, and the most distinguished members of both Houses, without distinction of party, the name of Judge Gaston, of North Carolina, was mentioned, and he became immediately the subject of conversation. Mr. Webster remarked, that if the appointment of Chief Justice of the United States had been under his control, there was no man in the Union upon whose shoulders he would have thrown the mantle of the illustrious Marshall, in preference to him. To which Mr. Calhoun promptly replied, that no man in the country was more deserving of the office, or could have filled it more acceptably. This is a tribute to merit which any man should be proud of, and no doubt many of your readers will enjoy a feeling of gratification because he is a North Carolinian, and experience one of deep regret, because North Carolina is so insensible of his merits."

From the Saturday News.

Eccentricity.—Delaware is not only the smallest state in the Union, but I venture to say, has the smallest house of worship and congregation. At Cantwell's Bridge, a pretty little village on the main peninsula road, about ten miles this end of Smyrna, is a "Friends' meeting house," built of brick, only about twelve feet square. Small as it is, it has all the appearance outside and in, that usually are found in those of larger dimensions. The congregation consists of one man. He is a respectable farmer, living four or five miles distant, but attends regularly twice every week, and sits out the usual time alone.—I understand he is a bachelor; unless he takes himself a wife, he, therefore, need not fear any of those unhappy divisions that so frequently disturb the peace of religious societies, and so recently destroyed that to which he belongs. I looked in upon him a few Sabbaths since, but so intent was he upon his devotional meditation, that he did not observe me until the Meeting was broken up; and then I found him quite a social, though a solitary being.

How different must be the feelings of devotion in this small tenement, alone—from those excited in one of our fashionable churches, "glittering with polished marble and fine gold"—surrounded by a thousand "waving plumes" and fair faces, dazzling the eyes; while on the ear, the

"Pealing anthem swells with notes of praise."

Pasture.—An English writer recommends to mix a few sheep and one or two colts in each pasture for horned cattle. Another says—"The following economical experiment is well known to the Dutch, that when eight cows have been in pasture, and can no longer obtain nourishment, two horses will do very well for some days; and when nothing is left for the horses, four sheep will live on it; this not only proceeds from their differing in the choice of plants, but from the formation of their mouths, which are not equally adapted to lay hold of the grass."

ITEMS—continued.
New Town.—A town has been recently laid out on the Mississippi river, in Warren county, Illinois, and christened with the exceedingly euphonious title of OQUAWKA. On the 20th of July, one hundred and two lots were sold for \$22,000. Nearly all the purchasers, it is said, will commence building immediately.

A young man named Neck, has recently been married to Miss Heals. They are now, therefore literally tied neck and heels together.

A touch of the Romantic.—The New-York Advertiser has received a copy of the "Algerine Zeitung," a newspaper published at Vienna, which gives an account of the upsetting of a pleasure boat, by which the Princess Adelaide Sophia was precipitated into the water, and would have drowned if it had not been for the exertion of Mr. Bell, a young American gentleman, son of Dr. Bell, of Charleston, S. C. who, happening to be near, in another pleasure boat, immediately plunged into the river, (without knowing the quality of the lady) and rescued her from a watery grave. He was next day invited to the imperial palace, where he was presented by the princess herself with a breastpin, studded with diamonds, and valued at twenty thousand dollars. Young Bell is remarkably handsome and intelligent.

Pensions to Widows.—The 3d section of the Pension Act provides that if any person who served in the war of the revolution, in the manner specified in the act passed the 7th June, 1832, have died leaving a widow whose marriage took place before the expiration of the last period of his service, such widow shall be entitled to receive, during the time she may remain unmarried, the annuity or pension which might have been allowed to her husband, by virtue of the act aforesaid, if living at the time it was passed.

Samuel Nelson, Senior Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, has been appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Chief Justice Savage, and Essek Cowen of Saratoga has been appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the elevation of Judge Nelson.

Elbridge Gerry Robinson, formerly of Lowell—it is stated in the Lowell Journal, enlisted in the Dragoon service some time ago, deserted, and not long since was arrested in Woburn, taken to the rendezvous in Boston, and last week was sent to New York. When about twelve miles in the Sound, he expressed great uneasiness of mind about being shot (as the punishment of desertion.) He said, "I could stand to be drowned, but to be tied up and shot at like a dog, I'll never endure it," and immediately jumped overboard, and was never seen to rise.—*Boston Age.*

A Fair Offer.—The Editor of the N. H. Telegraph announces that he has commenced living on his own hook, and that he will take all kinds of country produce in payment for his dues. The Editor of the Methuen Gazette, also, announces that he has commenced a similar mode of living, and will, also, take any kind of country produce in payment for his paper—except children.

Emigrants arrived at New-York.—From the 1st of April to the 18th of June, 25,922 passengers have been detained at the Quarantine ground, and from the 16th of June to the 17th of August, 13,406 passengers, making in all, 39,328. This number does not include the passengers by any vessel having less than forty passengers, as such vessels are not detained at the Quarantine ground, and it is supposed that, on a moderate calculation, their number if added to the others, would make the emigrants who have arrived here since April last, to be about 60,000 persons.

MURDER.—On Saturday night a decent looking young man, named McCruden, residing at the porter house of Mr. Pollock, corner of Gold and Spruce streets, was passing along Gold street, near the house of a Mr. Mastings, who called to him and desired him to keep off his stoop; McCruden replied that he was not near his stoop, while the former re-asserted that he was. Some verbal altercation then ensued between the parties of rather an irritating character, when Mastings drew a large knife and stabbed McCruden in the side, the blade entering his body between the ribs. He was conveyed to his lodgings, where he lingered until Saturday night, when he died. The person who is represented as having inflicted the fatal wound, has, it is said, absented himself from the city and escaped. An inquest was held, which brought in a verdict that the deceased came to his death by being stabbed by the person above named.—*N. Y. Cour. & Enq.*

Horrible Atrocity.—We are informed by several gentlemen from Columbia, Chicot county, that on Monday evening after the election closed, a man by the name of Bunch was taken and hung by the citizens of that place. The cause which led to the infliction of such summary punishment, we are informed, was owing to unlawful conduct of Bunch. He claimed the right to vote, which was refused him by the judges, owing to his being a colored man. Bunch took umbrage at this rejection, and resorted to violent measures. During the affray, Dr. Webb, a highly respectable citizen, was stabbed several times, the wounds supposed to be mortal. This so incensed the citizens, that Bunch was taken up and hung. We forbear to make any comments, as the whole affair will no doubt be fully and fairly investigated.—*Helena (Ark.) Jour.*

A man was drowned in the Ohio river last week.—His name was John Wallace. There were found upon his person two pistols, loaded to the muzzles, with percussion locks and caps on. He is said to have been one of the persons who contemplated the rescue of Whittier, executed at Wheeling on the 15th inst. He was a foreigner, resided at Steubenville, Ohio, and fell from the steamboat on the evening of the day on which the execution took place, in a state of intoxication. Thus was he himself hurried into eternity almost as soon as the unfortunate man whom he designed rescuing from the ignominious death awarded him by the law.

A young fellow in Vermont ninety-one years old, recently applied for a divorce for the purpose of marrying again!

A young lad named Henry Walters, engaged for a year in the Post Office, at Erie, Penn. has been detected in robbing letters, containing money which have passed through the Post Office. He had taken about \$500. He is in prison awaiting trial.

The receipts on the Boston and Providence Rail Road, for July, were \$23,000.

Good.—Two scamps in the employ of a widow, who kept a store in Manchester, England, took advantage of her absence to pack up goods to the value of several thousand dollars, with which they succeeded in getting on board of a vessel on the point of sailing for New-York. The lady, nothing daunted, took passage in another ship for a few days afterwards, and had the good fortune to arrive a week before the fugitives. She made her complaint, and engaged an officer to wait for the arrival of the vessel. As soon as it came in sight, he proceeded on board, arrested the rascals, transferred them from the ship to prison, and the stolen goods to the lady.

A duel was fought on the 13th ult. opposite Vicksburg, Miss. between Col. Quivall and a Mr. Cunningham. The first named individual was shot through the heart at the first fire. The latter had a narrow escape, as the ball passed near his clothes.

The march of rapidity.—We learn from the Norfolk Beacon, that a gentleman lately travelled from that borough to Boston in forty-eight hours, deducting the time he stopped in two or three cities, and the whole cost of the route was only \$20.75. Quick enough and cheap enough, in all conscience, and quicker and cheaper too, we venture to say, than such an exploit was ever accomplished before.